

corded by General Haig in his report of last night. The net result of the British effort at the time the report was sent was an advance on a front of over eight miles from south of Tower Hamlets to the Ypres-Staden Railway front of Langemarck, and at many points it reached a depth of one mile. The British are now masters of the main ridge to a point 1,000 yards north of Broedseinde, an important point on the crest. In other words, they now have possession of almost all of the portions of the ridge necessary to give them the dominating positions in regard to the Plains of Flanders, and from which they would be able to launch attacks that will, if successful, enable them to proceed against Lille, to the north, and Roulers, to the north, and thus turn the positions of the Germans on the Belgian coast. Gheluvelt, on the Menin road, is a strongly fortified position on the southern end of the line that the British still have to carry, and when it falls the road to Menin is practically open.

THE BRITISH CRUISER Drake has been torpedoed and sunk, with a loss of one officer and eighteen men. The vessel was torpedoed off the north coast of Ireland on Tuesday morning, but was able to make harbor, where she went down in shallow water. It is probable that the Drake will be refloated. She was one of a class of three armoured cruisers completed in 1903, and was of 14,100 tons displacement. The Drake carried sixteen 6-inch guns and a number of smaller batteries, and her best recorded speed was about 26 knots an hour.

RENEWED ATTEMPTS by the Austrians to recover their positions on the Bainsizza Plateau and on the slopes of Monte San Gabriele have once more met with defeat. It is noticeable that the failure of the Austrians to check the development of the Italian plans is accompanied by a desperate plea for peace by Foreign Minister Czernin.

DEVELOPMENTS in aerial warfare continue to be a feature of the war news. The French have again raided a German town in reprisal for raids on French unfortified municipalities, and the British have made a number of attacks on German military stations and posts in Belgium. The British squadrons, in their raiding operations during the last three or four days, have dropped bombs by the ton on their objectives. In this connection it is of interest to note that the idea of reprisal raids against Germany is said in despatches from London to be almost universally hailed with approval.—Globe, Oct. 5.

RUSSIAN MENTALITY

Correspondence of the Associated Press

Paris, Aug. 25.—Robert de Fiers, associate editor of the Figaro and now attached to the headquarters staff of the Rumanian Army, has had months of study of the Russian troops serving in conjunction with those of Rumania. Here are some anecdotes from his latest article:

There is a fine lake somewhere in the south of Russia which is connected by a channel with a smaller lake, where huge carp are raised. The channel was barred by nets to prevent the carp from passing into the larger lake, and, as food does not reach the troops in the district too plentifully nor in great variety, the officers were glad to vary their mess with the fish.

One day some hundreds of soldiers were gathered in a meeting—one of those meetings which have become a regular institution in the Russian Army this year—plunged in deep discussion. Suddenly there was a rush toward the lakes and, with cries of "Sloboda!" "Sloboda!" ("Liberty!" "Liberty!"), the men began to pull out the barriers and nets and destroy them. The officers wished to prevent the destruction, but the soldiers took little notice of their reprimands beyond crying "Sloboda! Sloboda for the fish!"

A noncommissioned officer explained the matter. "Fish are God's creatures as men are. Like them, they have the right to liberty. But men can talk and so have made the revolution, while fish are dumb and can never make theirs. It is, therefore, our duty to aid them because it is contrary to nature to pen them up in order to capture them and easily kill them."

A middle class functionary, a man who occupied a modest position in one of the tax collecting offices and who was imbued with the narrow, bureaucratic, reactionary spirit generally found in that class, chanced to go out one day with a red umbrella under his arm. A group of manifestos going to a meeting begged him to open his umbrella. He willingly complied, and at once found that his bright umbrella—red being the revolution's color—made him a personage. Women threw him flowers, children were lifted up for him to kiss, and he was at once made President of the meeting.

When that was over he was conducted in triumph to a banquet, and there, too, he made an eloquent speech, having discovered himself an orator without having ever suspected it. Finally he was conducted to his home at a late hour by several thousands of his free but not enlightened fellow citizens. From that day, after inscribing his name on the revolutionary committee, he has never gone out without his red umbrella, always open.

A certain General was suspected

by his men of being only lukewarm, toward the new movement, so a delegation of soldiers waited on him to ask him his real opinions.

"I'll tell you just what I am," he said to them, "and you can tell it to every one. I look upon my men as my children and so have no reason not to tell them the whole truth. I am a Maximalist anarchist. After that I am sure you won't want any further details."

The men went away delighted. They declared to the regiment that had sent them: "The General is absolutely all right. He is so tremendously revolutionary that we couldn't even remember the name that he said."

LOGIC OF FREEDOM

Two soldiers had happened to speak to a General and one had used the term, "Your Excellency," as was the custom before the revolution. The other soldier afterward rebuked his companion for such a lapse from new principles.

"You said 'Excellency'?"

"Well, of course I said 'Excellency.'"

"But don't you know that now you mustn't say 'Excellency'?"

"And why mustn't we say 'Excellency' any more?"

"What? Why? Because we have made the revolution, and now we are all free."

The first soldier was silent for a minute, and then remarked:

"But since we are all free, we are free to say 'Excellency' if we like to."

The other soldier, in turn, reflected for a minute, and then declared:

"That's true, after all. The moment we are free we can do what we like. It's that, you see, that's so difficult to understand. But as that's really so, I am going to say 'Excellency' myself." Then he added:

"But, all the same, it won't be the same thing as before."

The Petrograd soldiers anxious to instruct themselves and occupy the leisure that the revolution has given them, are great visitors to the museums. Their anxiety to investigate everything leads them to pass their hands over the pictures and caress the statuary, often marking it with their nails. Notices have been put up begging comrades to touch nothing.

The founder and curator of the "Ethnographic" Museum recounts that his staff, (caretakers, cleaners, &c.) has petitioned the Government for the suppression of his office, on the ground that a curator is useless in a museum, that he does nothing, costs money, and is of no service, as they who carry the keys, wield the feather brooms, and clean the floors are the real curators.

HOW TO BE A CIVIL ENGINEER

In a manufactory the workmen in a body waited on the civil engineers to tell them that "the old order having passed away, there must be no more slavery. Every one must work in turn. So you will kindly some of you go down into the mines, and others follow the engines."

"And who will do our work?" asked the engineers.

"Some of us will take turns in your offices."

"But what will you do there?"

"The same as you—sit around, sharpen pencils, and smoke cigarettes."

On Sunday, July 8, M. Naudeau saw a crowd moving along the Nevsky Prospect, carrying banners, half blue, half yellow. "That's all right," said a middle class citizen to him.

Revolutionary red seems to be going out of date. When the column had approached, it proved to be composed almost entirely of soldiers, enough to form two or three regiments. Their banners for the inscription "Long Live the Government!" which seemed to show that it was a patriotic manifestation, but others had "Long Live the Government of Kiev!" "Long Live the Ukraine!" "Long Live Independent Little Russia!" "Long Live the Independent Ukraine!"

The soldiers belonged to the Petrograd garrison and were natives of Little Russia, manifesting their desire to be enrolled as soon as possible in the purely Ukrainian army that is being formed in the south. No one interfered with their separatist demonstration.

These illustrations of Russian temperament are declared to indicate the difficult task Kerensky confronts, to direct such a people and to keep them steadily in the path that he would have them follow.—N. Y. Times.

DISHONEST CRITICISM

The Church today is confronted by a criticism that boasts of monopolizing the spirit of truthfulness. It has not, it cannot afford to give Christianity a "square deal." Canons of criticism are used against her which the critics themselves would not dream of using in any other field of study or research. "As

a matter of fact," says Donat, "it uses all scientific devices to shirk the truth and to disguise its effort. In loquacious protests it rejects the 'rigid dogmatism,' 'the fixed views,' of the Christian faith, and proclaims experience and reason as the sole criterion of scientific cognition; yet it always stands upon the platform of rigid presumptions, that are derived from no experience, and which no reason can prove. It clamors for research free from presumption, and, without winking an eye, substitutes its own presumptions, secretly or openly. It is dishonest."

"It promises to preserve for man the highest ideals and blessings for which his mind is yearning, yet it has no religion and no God. It recalls to mind the words spoken by St. Augustine of the philosophers whom he had followed in the days of his youth: 'They said: truth and always truth, and talked much about truth, but it was not in them. . . . Oh, truth, truth, how deeply my inward spirit sighed after thee, while they filled my ears incessantly with thy bare name and with the palaver of their bulky volumes!'" (The Freedom of Science, p. 260)

To sum up in the words of Chesterton, we may say that: "The most characteristic current philosophies have not only a touch of mania but a touch of suicidal mania. The new questioners have knocked his head against the limits of human thought, and cracked it. This is what makes so futile the warnings of the orthodox and the boasts of the advanced about the dangerous boyhood of free thought. What we are looking at is not the boyhood of free thought, it is the old age and ultimate dissolution of free thought. It is vain for bishops and pious bigwigs to discuss what dreadful things will happen if wild scepticism runs its course. It has run its course. It is vain for eloquent atheists to talk of the great truths that will be revealed if once we see free thought begin. We have seen it end. It has no more questions to ask; it has questioned itself. You cannot call up any wilder vision than a city in which men ask themselves if they have any selves. You cannot fancy a more sceptical world than that in which men doubt if there is a world. It might certainly have reached its bankruptcy more quickly and cleanly if it had not been feebly hampered by the application of indefensible laws of blasphemy or by the absurd pretense that modern England is Christian. But it would have reached the bankruptcy anyhow. Militant atheists are still unjustly persecuted; but rather because they are an old minority than because they are a new one. Free thought has exhausted its own freedom. It is weary of its own success. If any eager free thinker now hails philosophic freedom as the dawn, he is only like the man in Mark Twain who came out wrapped in blankets to see the sun rise and was just in time to see it set. If any frightened curate still says that it will be awful if the darkness of free thought should spread, we can only answer him in the high and powerful words of Mr. Belloc: "Do not, I beseech you, be troubled about the increase of forces already in dissolution. You have mistaken the hour of the night, it is already morning." We have no more questions to ask. We have looked for questions in the darkest corners and on the highest peaks. We have found all the questions that could be found. It is time we gave up looking for questions and began looking for answers.—Truth.

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Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.